

IN 5 MONTHS ... TIME RUNS OUT!

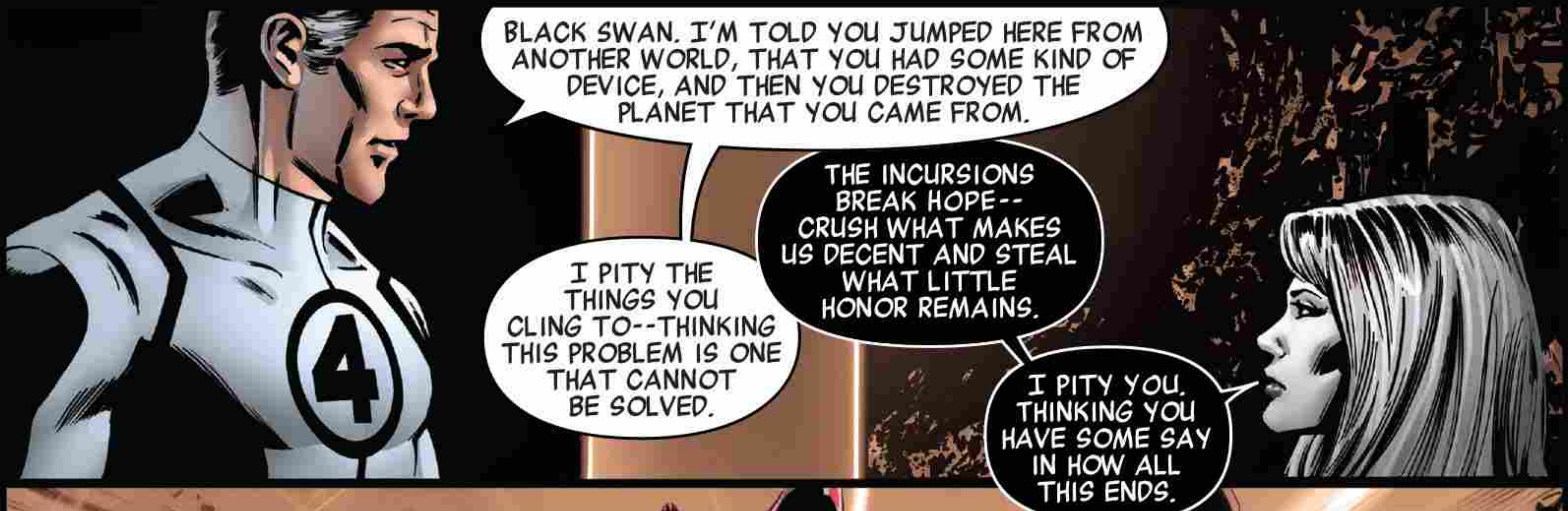


MARVEL

HICKMAN
KUDRANSKI
ALMARA

027

PREVIOUSLY IN NEW AVENGERS





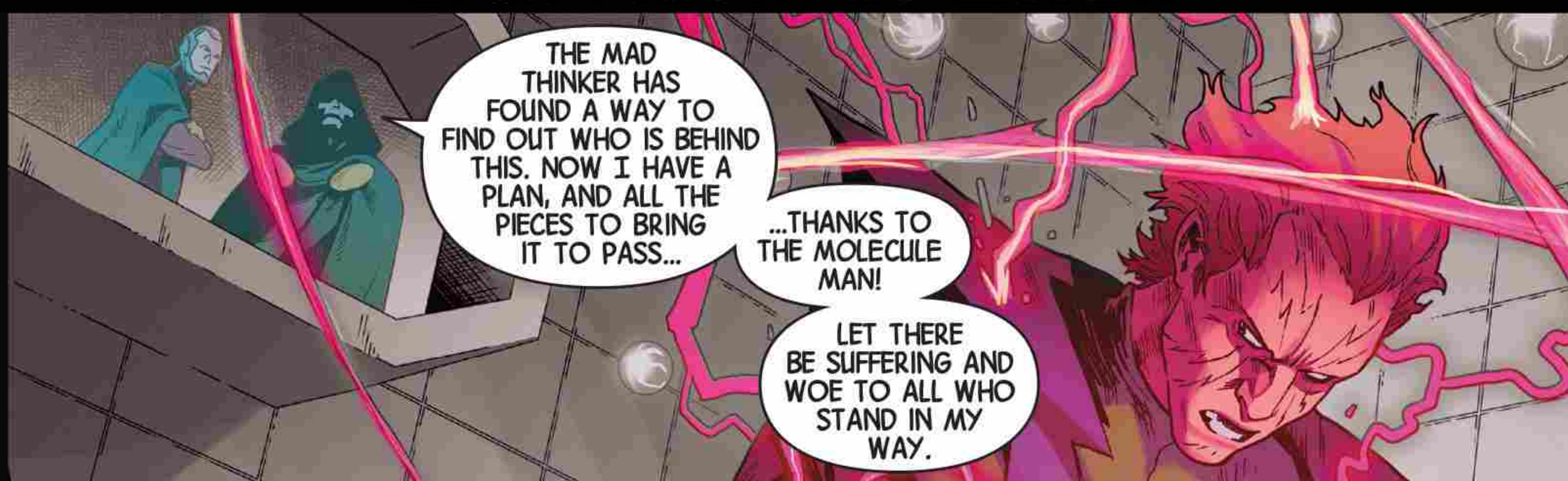
SO YOU ARE SELLING YOUR SOUL, STEPHEN?

IF I AM TO BE DAMNED, LET IT BE USING ALL THE RESOURCES AT THE DISPOSAL OF A SORCERER SUPREME.

HOW MUCH OF YOUR SOUL DO YOU SELL THIS DAY?

ALL OF IT.

EIGHT MONTHS LATER



THE MAD THINKER HAS FOUND A WAY TO FIND OUT WHO IS BEHIND THIS. NOW I HAVE A PLAN, AND ALL THE PIECES TO BRING IT TO PASS...

...THANKS TO THE MOLECULE MAN!

LET THERE BE SUFFERING AND WOE TO ALL WHO STAND IN MY WAY.



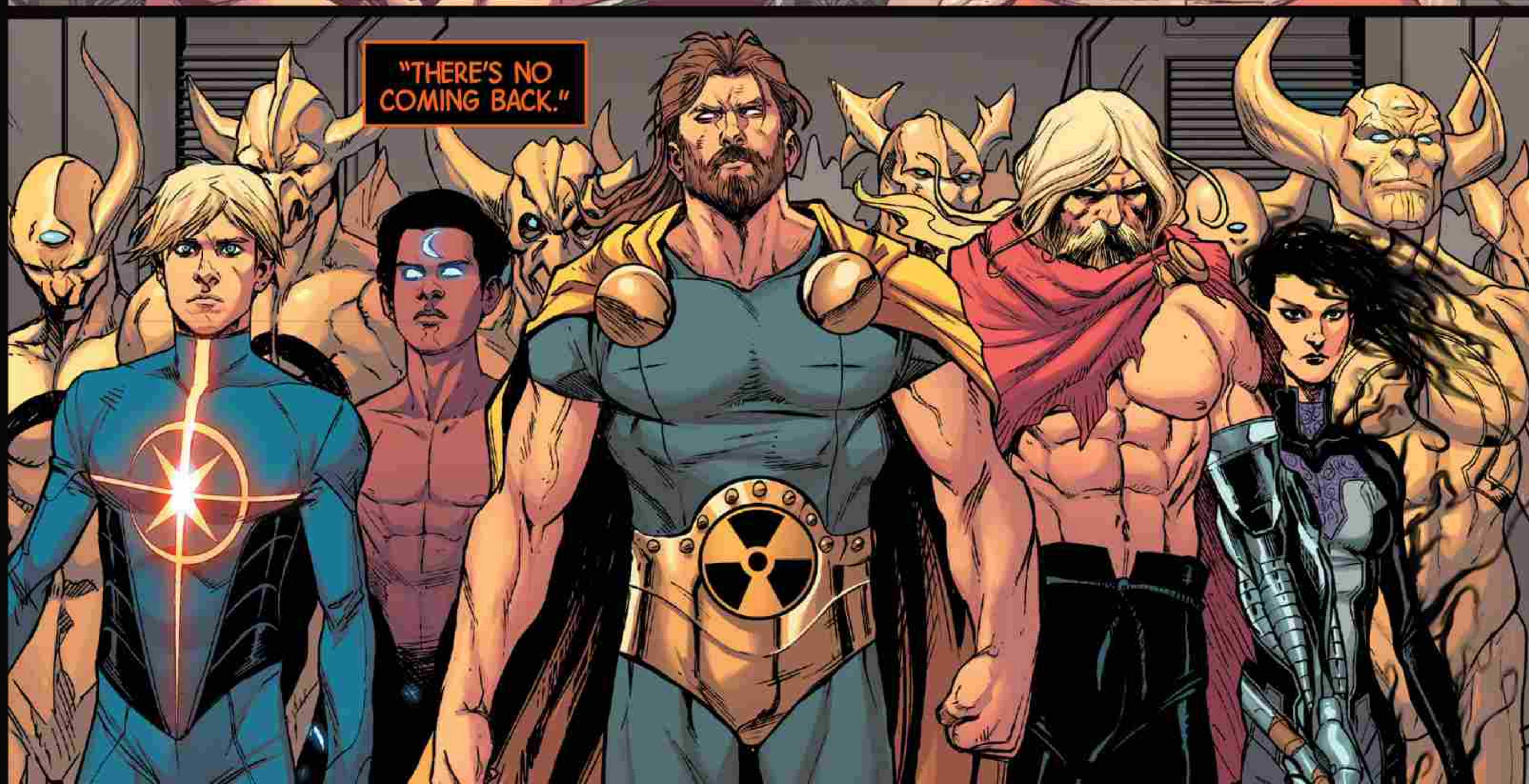
MANY THINGS EXIST IN THE SPACE BETWEEN UNIVERSES, IN COMPARISON TO HOW FEW SHOULD BE ABLE TO EXIST IN NO-SPACE. AS WE APPROACH THE END OF EVERYTHING, OVERFLOW AND OVERLAP ARE GOING TO LEAD TO A LESS...ORDERLY STATE OF DECAY.

AND SO WE HAVE OUR COMPRESSION PROBLEM.

IT FEELS WRONG. THE AUGER WILL THROW ALL OF YOU TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MULTIVERSE TO FIND WHAT CAUSED THIS WHILE I STAY HERE AND TRY TO FIX THE AVENGERS--A GROUP OF WHICH YOU WERE A FOUNDING MEMBER...

I WISH YOU WELL, ROBERTO. SOON...WE SHALL SEE.

THOR. YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT?



"THERE'S NO COMING BACK."

MULTIVERSAL AVENGERS



HYPERION



ODINSON



STARBRAND



NIGHTMASK



ABYSS



EX NIHILO

NEW AVENGERS



SUNSPOT



CANNONBALL



SMASHER



MANIFOLD



BLACK WIDOW



SPIDER-WOMAN



SHANG-CHI



VALIDATOR



POD



ZEBRA KIDS

S.H.I.E.L.D. AVENGERS



STEVE ROGERS



HAWKEYE



MARIA HILL



WAR MACHINE DRONES



INVISIBLE WOMAN



CAPTAIN AMERICA



CAPTAIN MARVEL

THE ILLUMINATI



BEAST



HULK/DOC GREEN



MISTER FANTASTIC



BLACK BOLT



BLACK PANTHER



CAPTAIN BRITAIN



AMADEUS CHO



IRON MAN



DOCTOR STRANGE

THE CABAL



NAMOR



THANOS



BLACK SWAN



TERRAX



MAXIMUS



PROXIMA MIDNIGHT



CORVUS GLAIVE



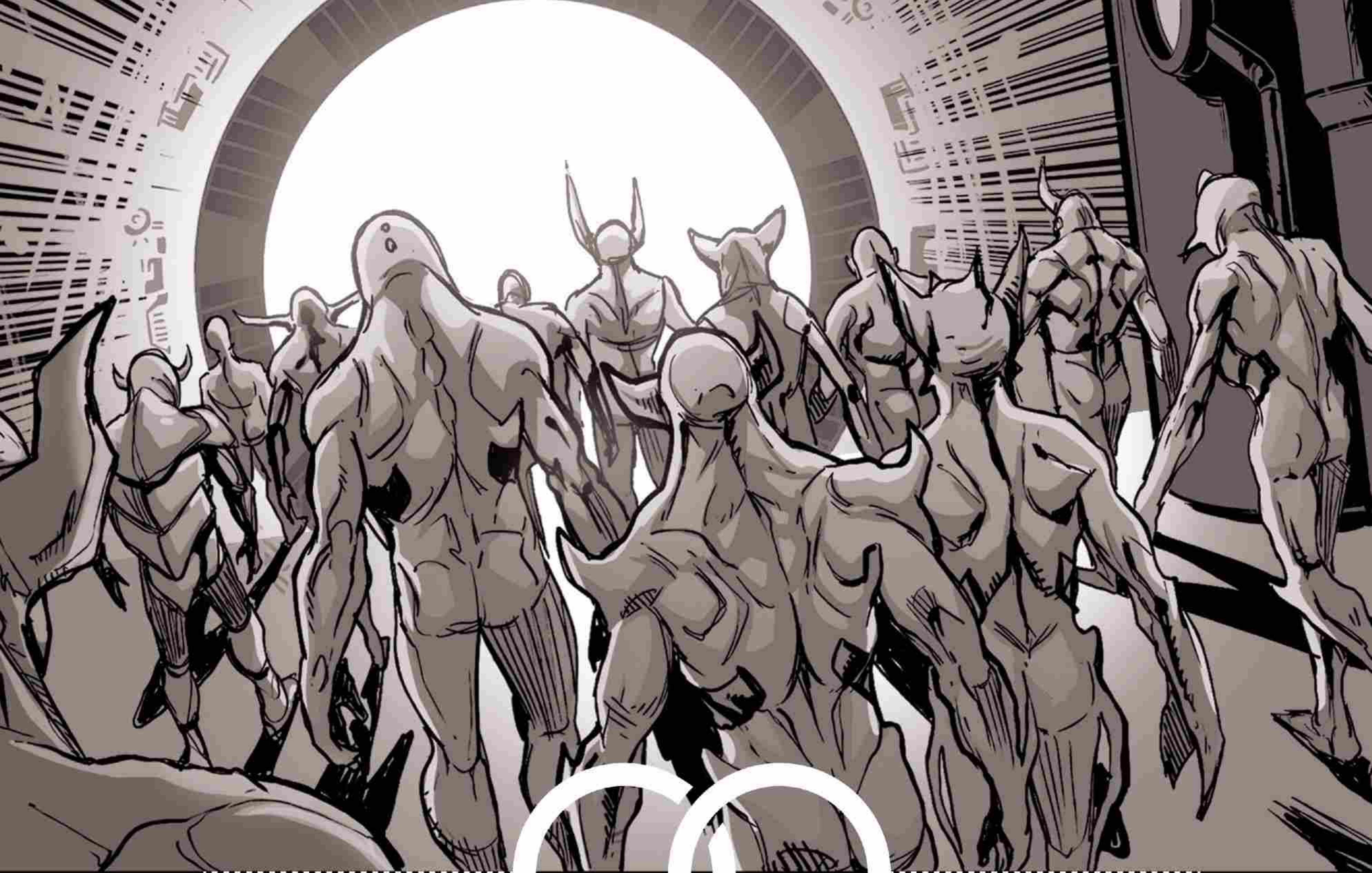
DOCTOR DOOM



THE MAD THINKER



MOLECULE MAN



“TRIAGE”

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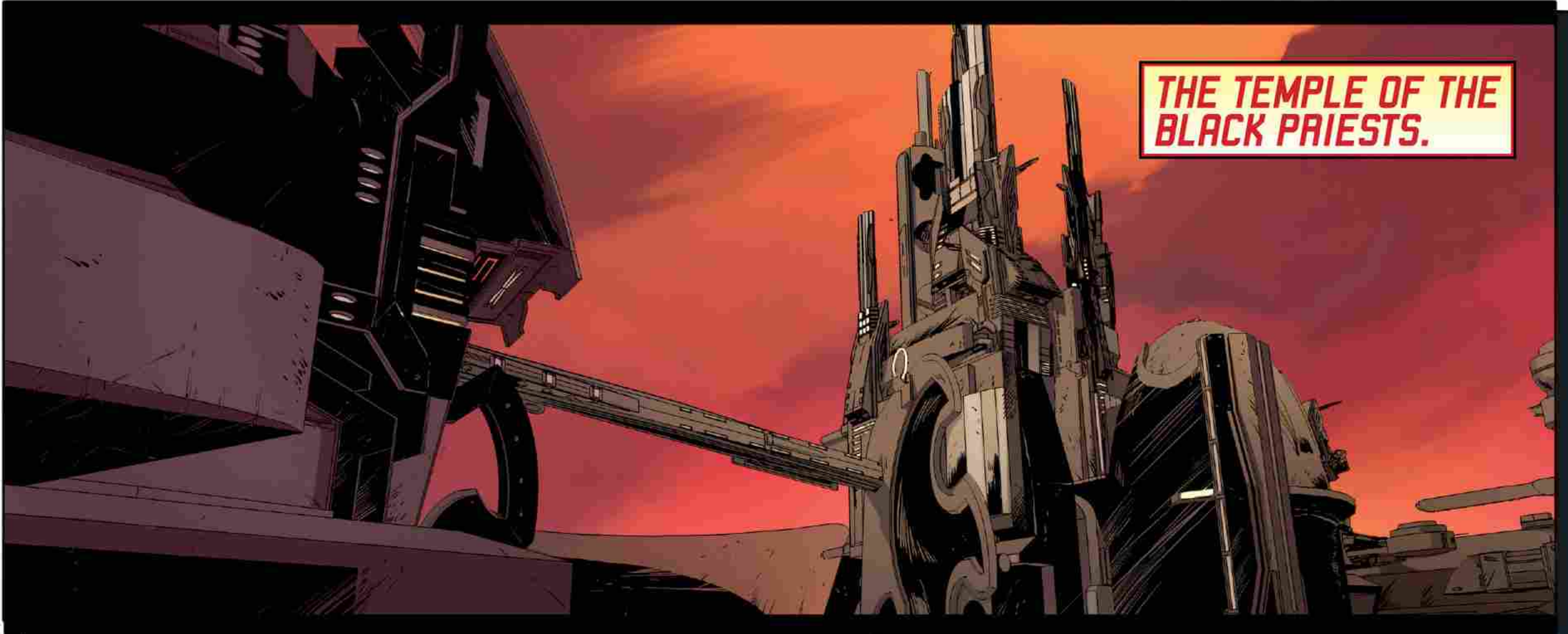
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PUBLISHER: **DAN BUCKLEY**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: **ALAN FINE**

AVENGERS CREATED BY **STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY**

THE NOTHING SPACE OF
DESTROYED UNIVERSES.



THE TEMPLE OF THE
BLACK PRIESTS.



SOMETHIIIIING
SHIIIIIMMERS...

SOMETHIIIIING
SPARKS...



COMPANY'S
HERE.

FRUSTRATION!

FOUND IT!

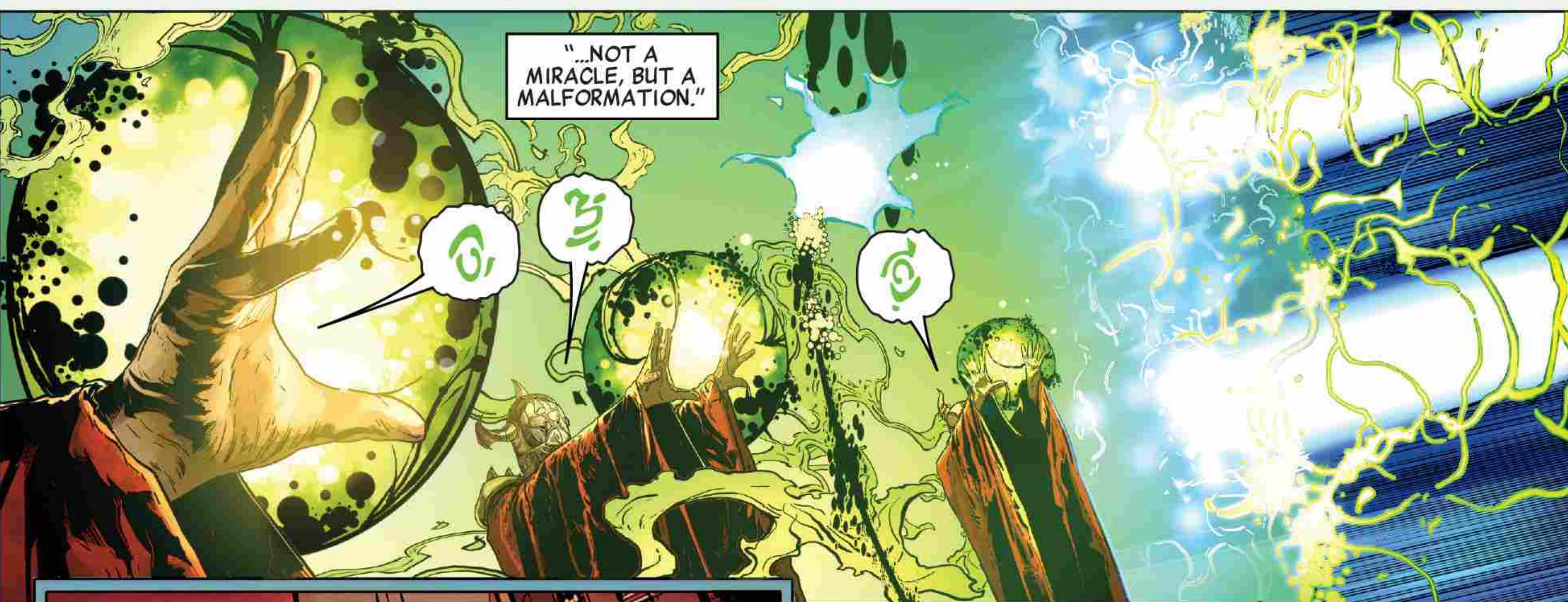
SEE...I TOLD YOU IT WAS OUT HERE, BUT WHICH ONES ARE THES--

BLACK PRIESTS!

THEY KILL WITH A WORD...

"QUICKLY! BEFORE THEY CAN SPEAK THEM!"

LIFE, EXISTING IN A PLACE WHERE IT SHOULDN'T...

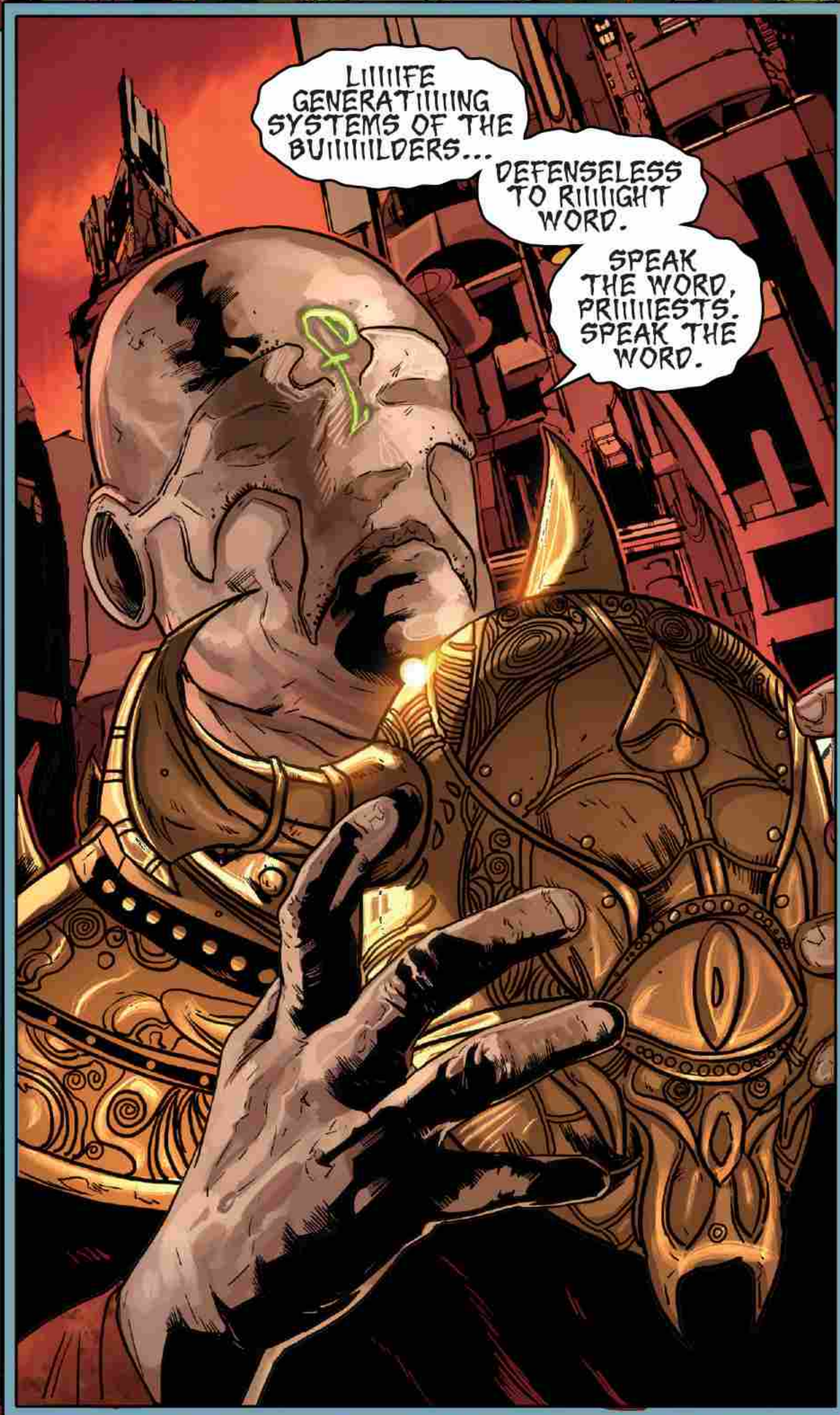


"...NOT A
MIRACLE, BUT A
MALFORMATION."

③

③

③



LIIIIIFE
GENERATIIIIING
SYSTEMS OF THE
BUIIIIIILDERS...

DEFENSELESS
TO RIIIIIIGHT
WORD.

SPEAK
THE WORD,
PRIIIIIESTS.
SPEAK THE
WORD.

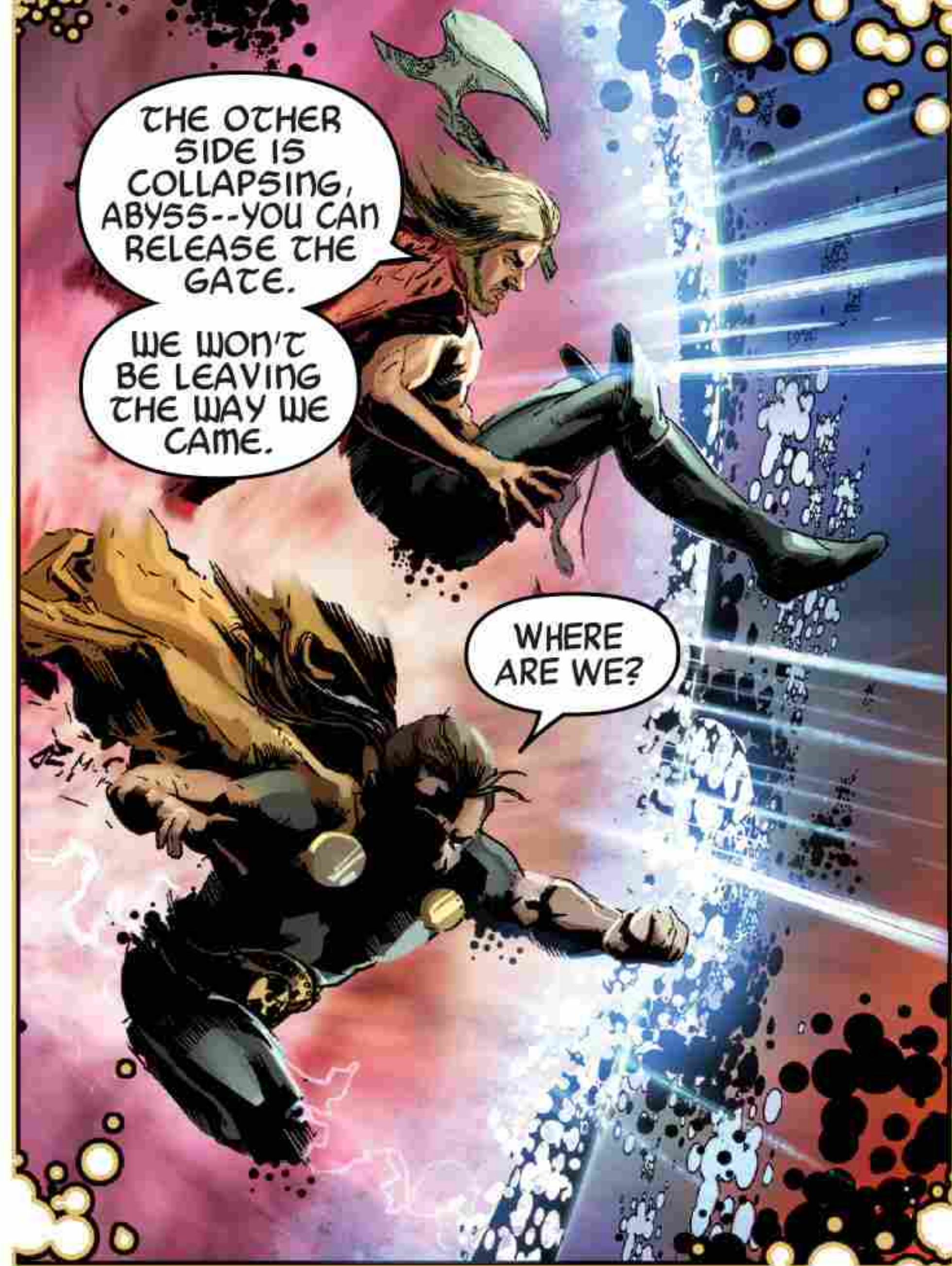


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NO!



THE OTHER SIDE IS COLLAPSING, ABYSS--YOU CAN RELEASE THE GATE.

WE WON'T BE LEAVING THE WAY WE CAME.

WHERE ARE WE?



NOT SURE, HYPERION, BUT WHEREVER IT IS, WE'VE FOUND THE BLACK PRIESTS. WE SHOULD HAVE HAD SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE--BUT THE PRIESTS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN RESPONDING.

WE ARE LOSING NIHILII.



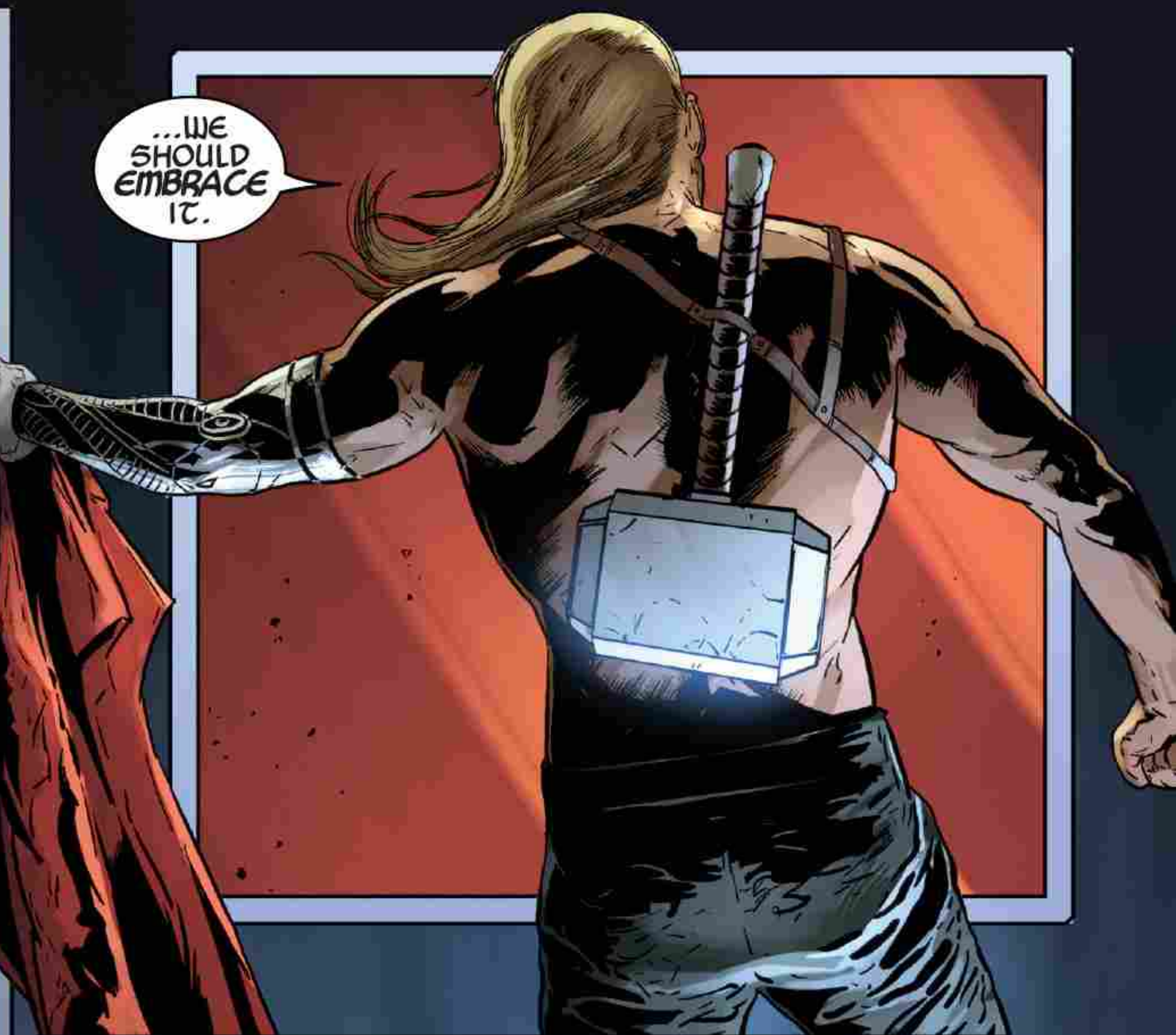
GODS. I'M COUNTING THOUSANDS. MAYBE MORE...

"SINCE THE AUGER, WE'VE BEEN DROWNING IN SIDERA MARIS--OUR ONLY ENCOUNTER WITH THE PRIESTS WAS THE ONE WE DEFEATED SEVERAL JUMPS AGO...

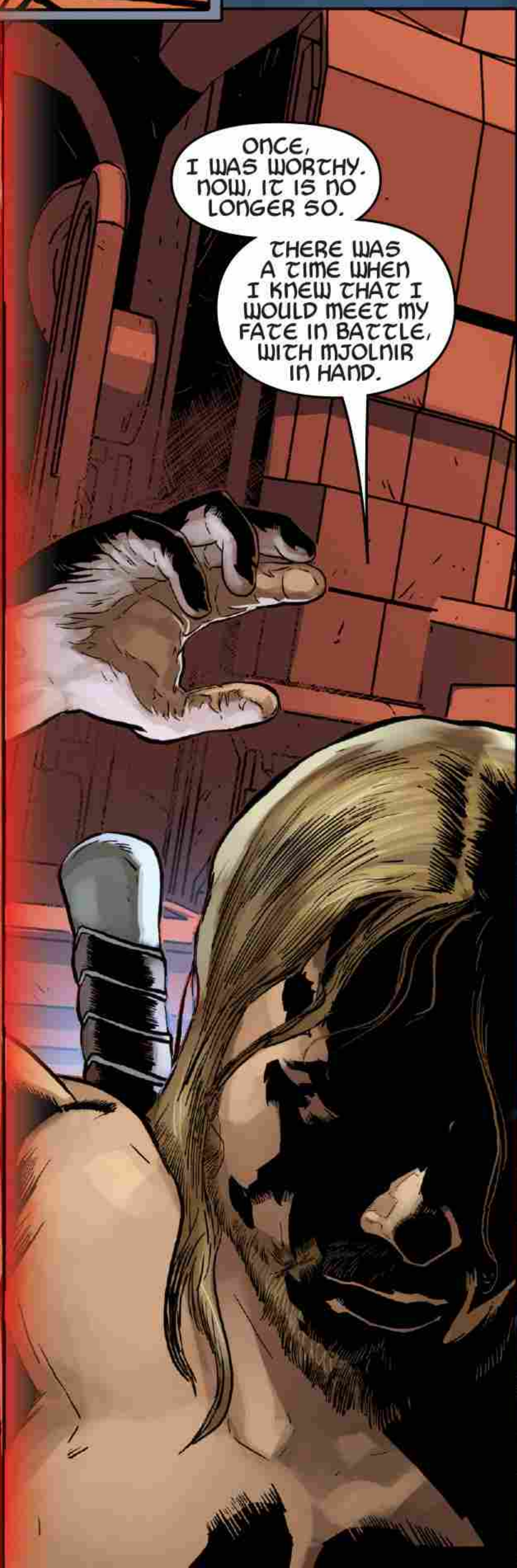


"BUT THIS MUST BE THEIR SEAT OF POWER--WE'RE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED WITH NOWHERE TO GO!"

WHEN, IN THESE LAST DAYS, HAVE WE NOT FACED THE UNSPEAKABLE.



"WHOSOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF HE BE UNWORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF **THORR**."



A full-page comic book illustration of Thor. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic Asgardian armor which is dark with gold-colored circular accents. His long, blonde hair is blowing in the wind. He has a determined and slightly somber expression, looking directly at the viewer. He is holding a large, silver, cube-shaped object (the Tesseract) with both hands in front of his chest. His right hand is wrapped around the bottom, while his left hand is positioned on the top. The background is a dark, stormy sky with several bright, white lightning bolts streaking across the frame. The ground is covered in rubble and debris, suggesting a recent battle or destruction. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the bright yellow of Thor's hair and the lightning.

IF THIS
IS OUR FATE,
SO BE IT.

BUT IF
I AM TO DIE,
LET IT BE WITH
LIGHTNING AND
THUNDER...

...AND
THE POWER
OF *THOR*.

THOR, WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING? IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN?

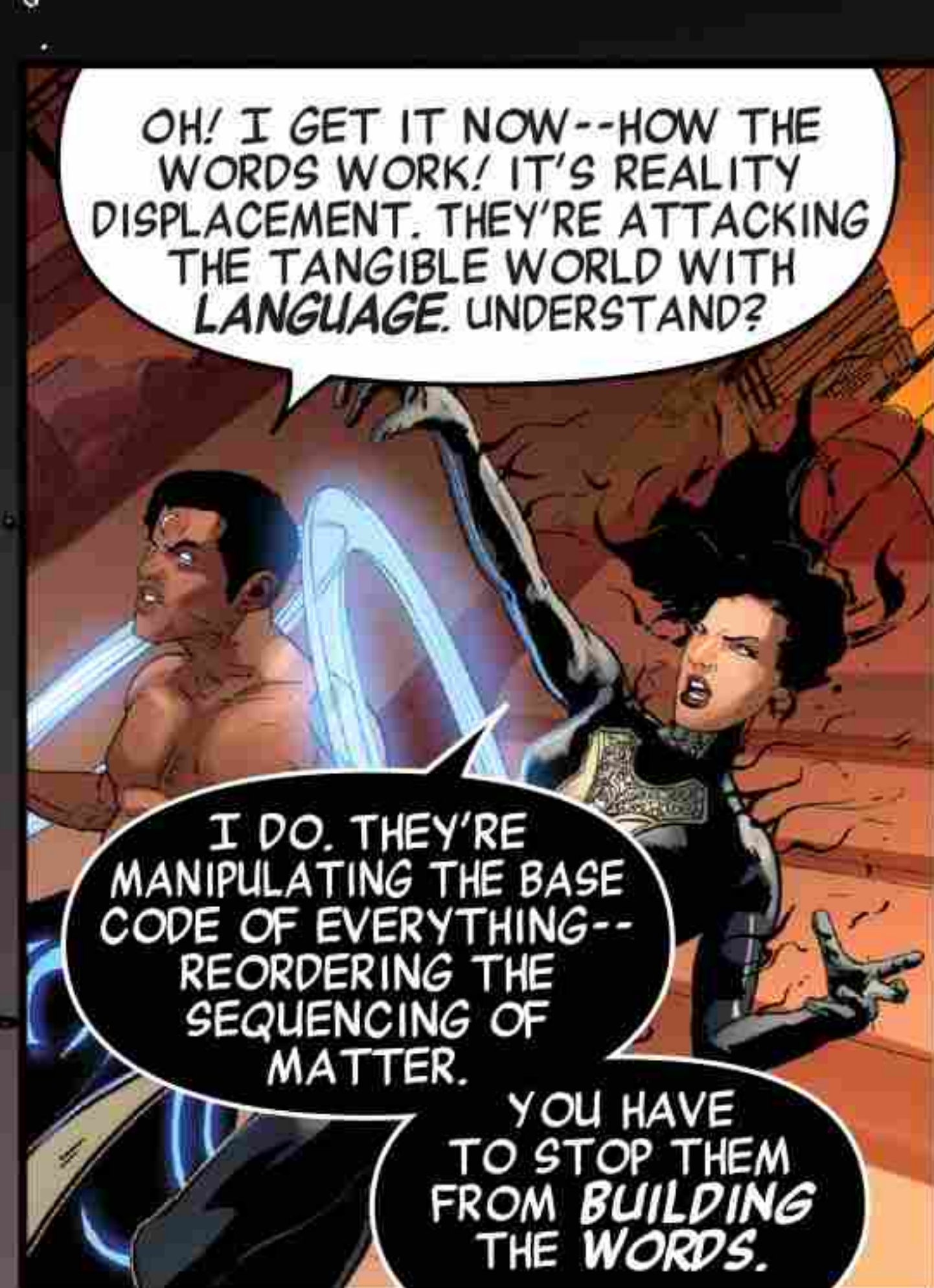
GODS!
YES!

GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, BROTHER.

THOOOOOOOOOOO!

GOOD TO BE BACK.

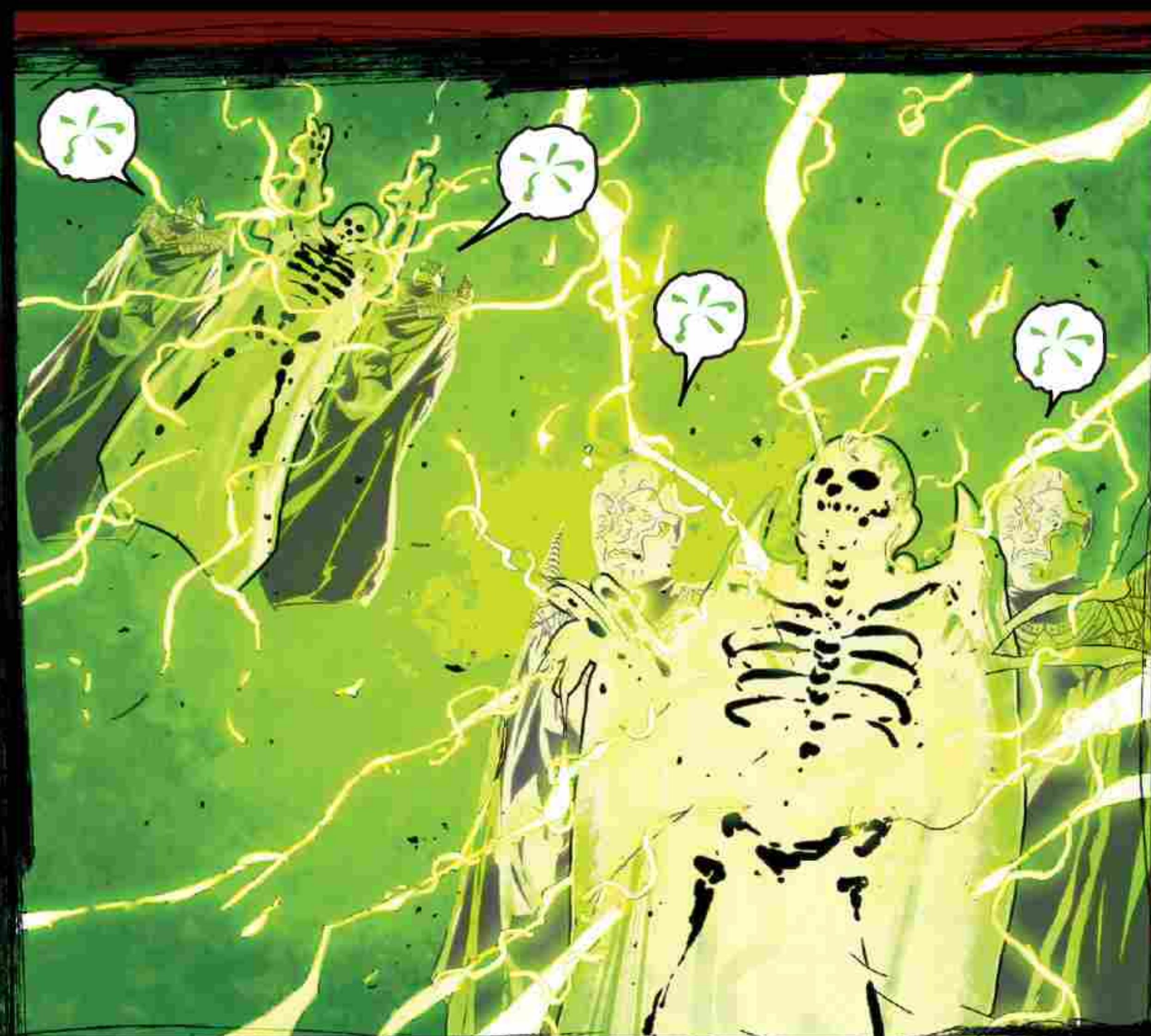






IT WORKED!

YES!
QUICKLY NOW...
PRESS THE
ADVANTAGE.



THE WORDS.
THE WORDS
ARE LOST.
ALL IIIIIIS
LOST IF
WE HAVE LOST
THE WORDS.

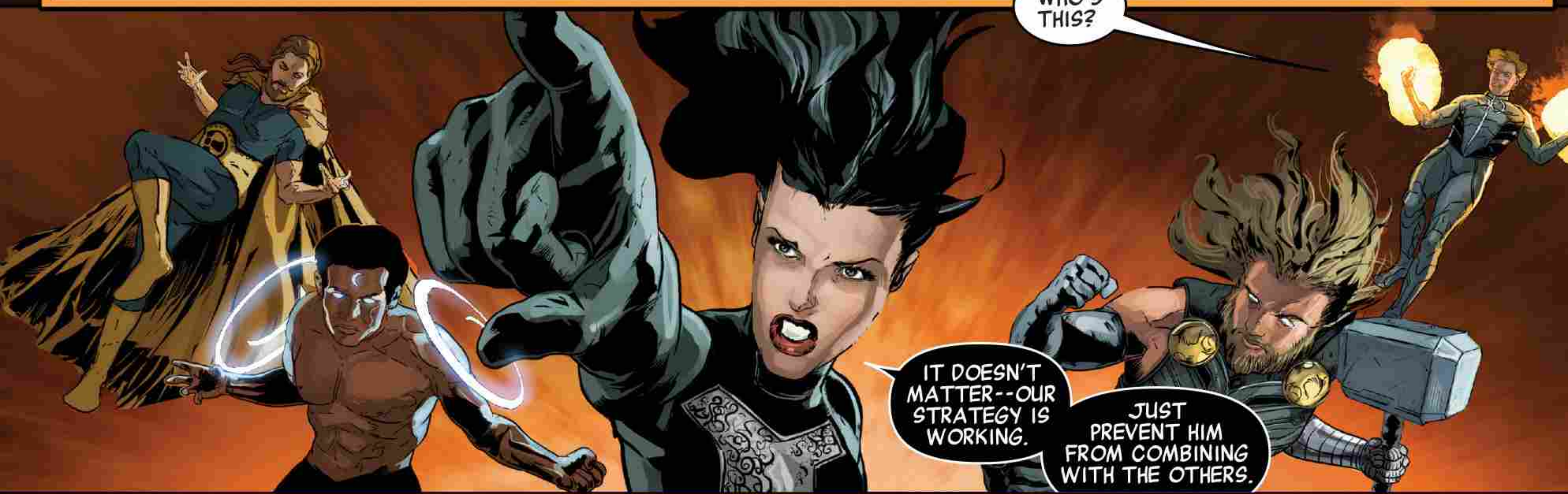
WAAAAIT.
WAAAAIT. THE EYE.



THE EYE...



HE COMES.



WHO'S THIS?

IT DOESN'T MATTER--OUR STRATEGY IS WORKING.

JUST PREVENT HIM FROM COMBINING WITH THE OTHERS.



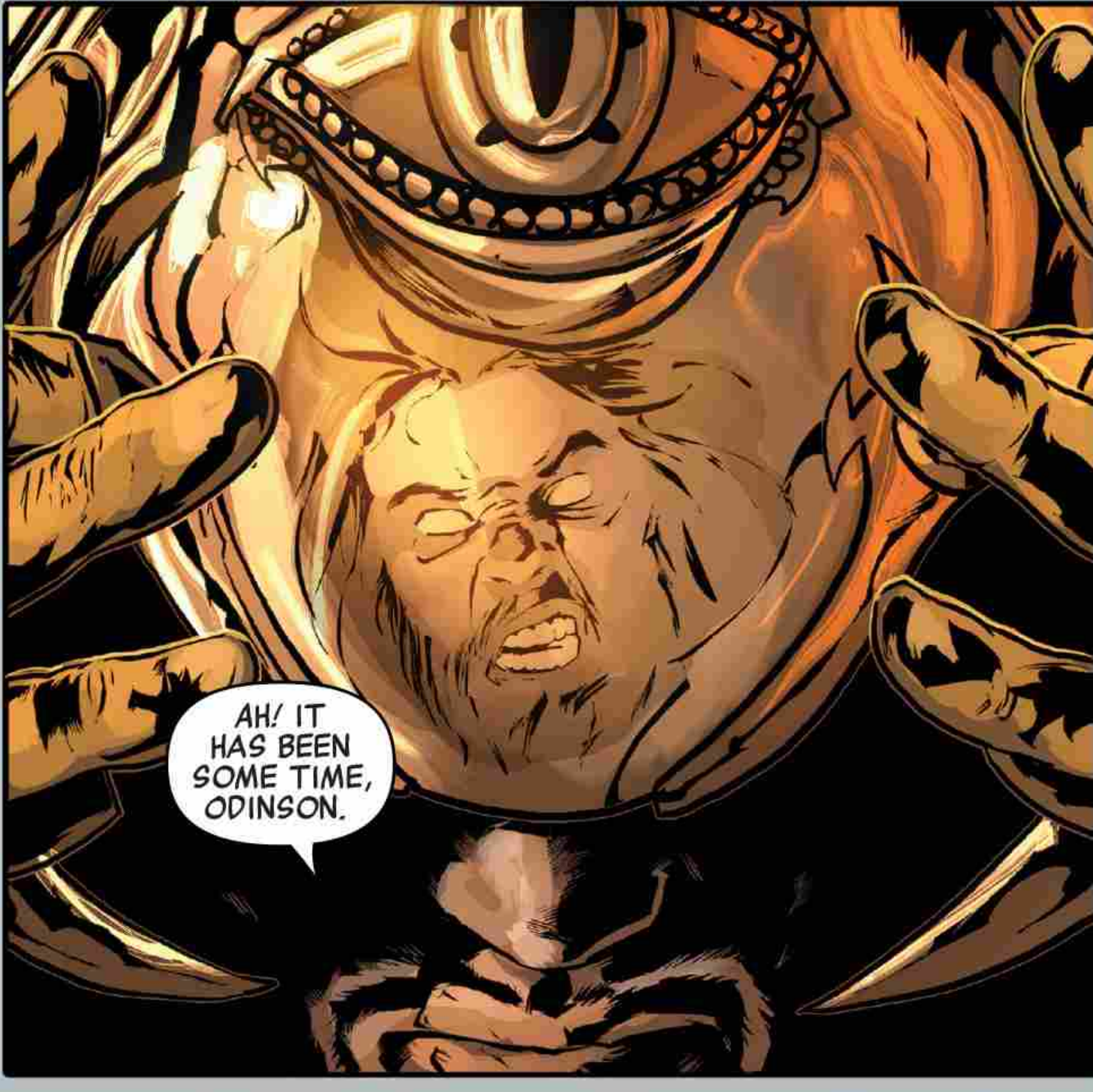
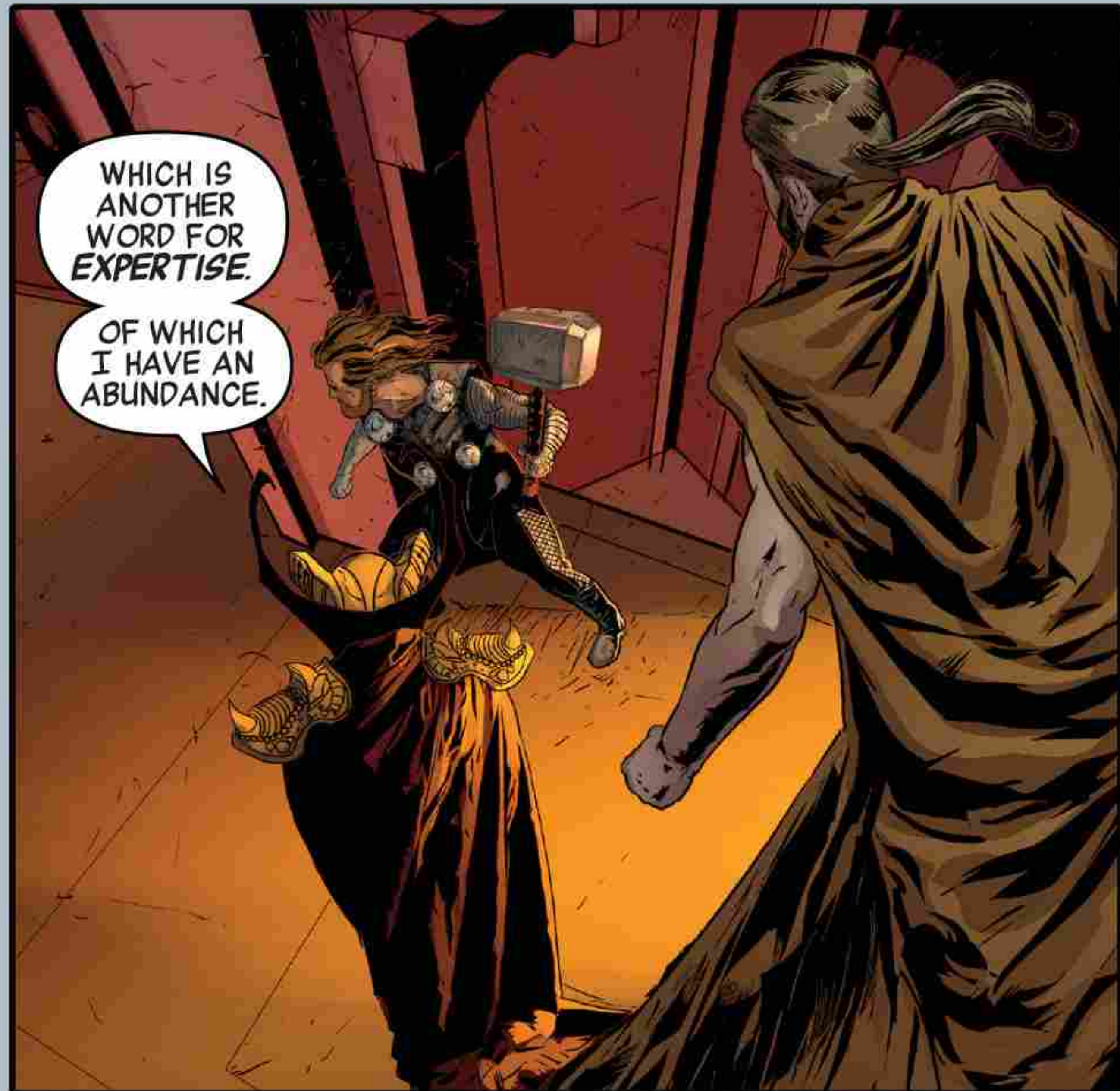
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I CANNOT MOVE.

ME NEITHER.

HOW DID IT DO THAT?



LATVERIA.



THE
RABBLE LOVE
STORIES.

THEY LOVE
THE LIE, WHICH IS WHY
THERE IS NO DISCERNIBLE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
WHAT THEY CALL **TRUTH**
AND WHAT THEY CALL
FICTION.

HISTORY. A
COLLECTION OF HALF-
TRUTHS WEAVED TOGETHER
SO AS TO ESTABLISH A
SUPPOSED FIRM FOUNDATION
SUPPORTING ALL THAT
HAS BEEN BUILT--
MODERNITY.

WE
CAN AGREE
ON THIS, CAN'T
WE, MISTER
REECE?



LOTS
OF CRACKS
UNDERFOOT.

BEDROCK
MADE OF
AIR.

THEY THINK
THEY UNDERSTAND
WHO I AM--**WHAT**
I AM--BUT THEY'RE
WRONG. **YOU'RE**
WRONG.

WHAT'S AN
ORIGIN, BUT
A STORY?

WHAT'S
MY STORY,
BUT A
LIE?

WE
ALL LOVE
OUR STORIES,
DON'T WE?





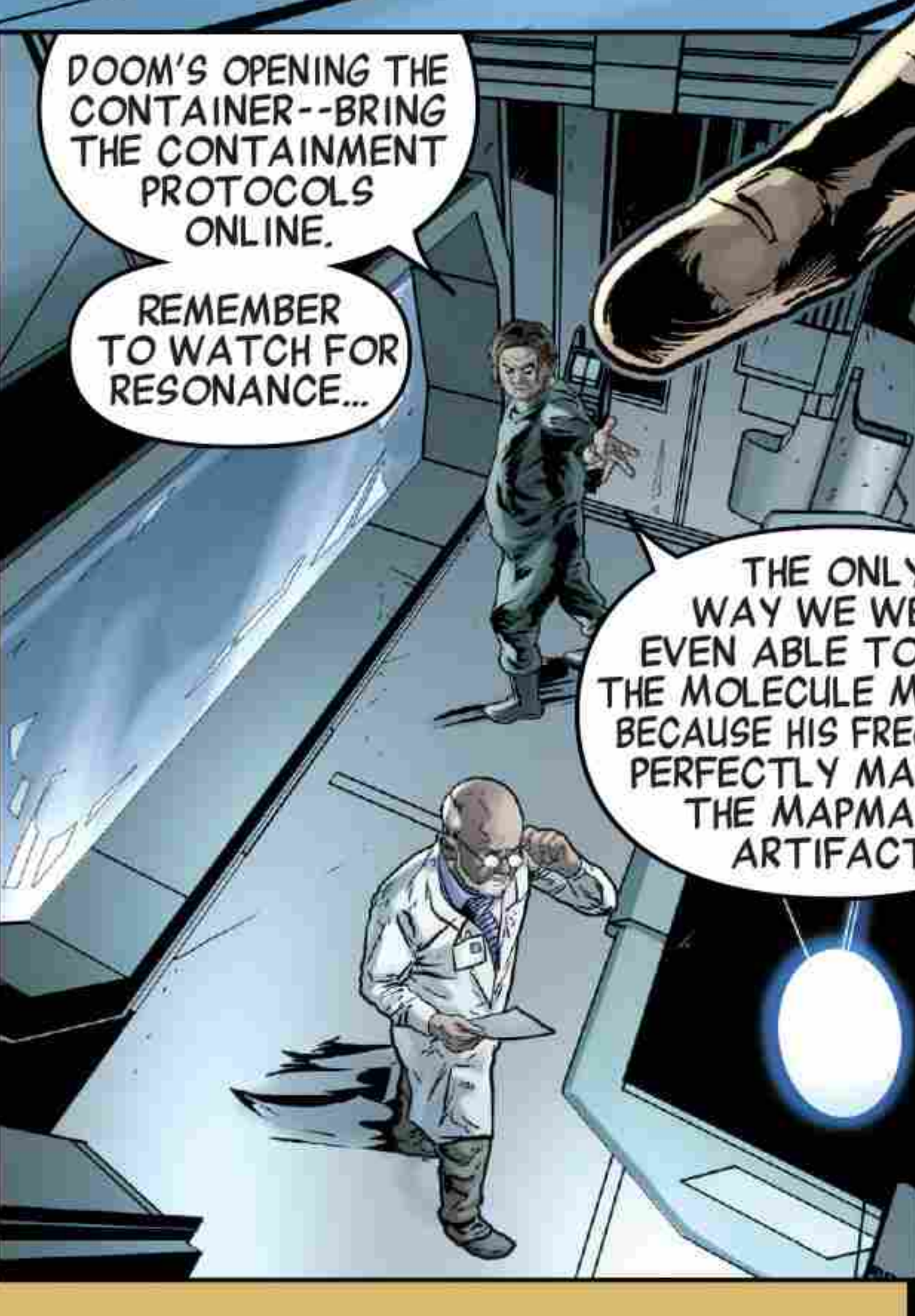
NO. FOR DOOM DOES NOT LIE.
NOT NOW. NOT EVER.



IF WHAT YOU THINK IS TRUE--AND YOU SAY IS TRUE--AND YOU BELIEVE IS TRUE--BUT IS IN FACT A WELL-CONSTRUCTED LIE...

THEN ARE YOU NOT A LIAR?

A LIAR FULL OF LIES. LIAR. FOOL. FOOL OF FOOLS. GOD OF FOOLS.



DOOM'S OPENING THE CONTAINER--BRING THE CONTAINMENT PROTOCOLS ONLINE.

REMEMBER TO WATCH FOR RESONANCE...

THE ONLY WAY WE WERE EVEN ABLE TO FIND THE MOLECULE MAN WAS BECAUSE HIS FREQUENCY PERFECTLY MATCHED THE MAPMAKER ARTIFACT.



TOO MUCH TALK. BUT IF WE **MUST** TALK, WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT BEGINNINGS--ALSO, ENDINGS...

DO YOU KNOW THE STORY? FIRST THERE WAS NOTHING... THEN THERE WAS EVERYTHING...

HEY. NICE ROCK.



YES. IT FELL FROM THE SKY.

A REMNANT OF A DESTROYED EARTH SET TO COLLIDE WITH OUR OWN. FROM IT WE HAVE...LEARNED THINGS. IT BROADCASTS A SIGNAL, ACTING AS A BUOY FOR WORLDS IN THE MULTIVERSE.



ENERGY SURGE!

STEADY. LEVELS ARE WITHIN TOLERANCE.



MAP.
MAPS.
MAKING
MAPS...

WE HAVE
A PAN-UNIVERSAL
PROBLEM, MISTER
REECE, BUT I BELIEVE
IT ORIGINATES *HERE*.
ON EARTH.

EARTH?
OH, IT'S
HERE...

I BELIEVE
YOU.

I WANT
YOU TO TELL ME
A STORY, MISTER
REECE--AND I
WANT IT TO BE
TRUE.

BUT
IT'S *NOT*
HERE.

WHY DOES
THE FREQUENCY
OF THE ROCK'S
SIGNAL MATCH
YOUR OWN?

WHY IS ALL
THIS HAPPENING?
AND WHAT IS YOUR
PART IN IT?

WHY?
WHY? WHY?
WHY?

SHOW,
DON'T TELL--
ACTIONS, NOT
WORDS.

HEY,
DOOM...



YOU
WANNA TAKE
A TRIP?
WE
SHOULD TAKE
A TRIP.



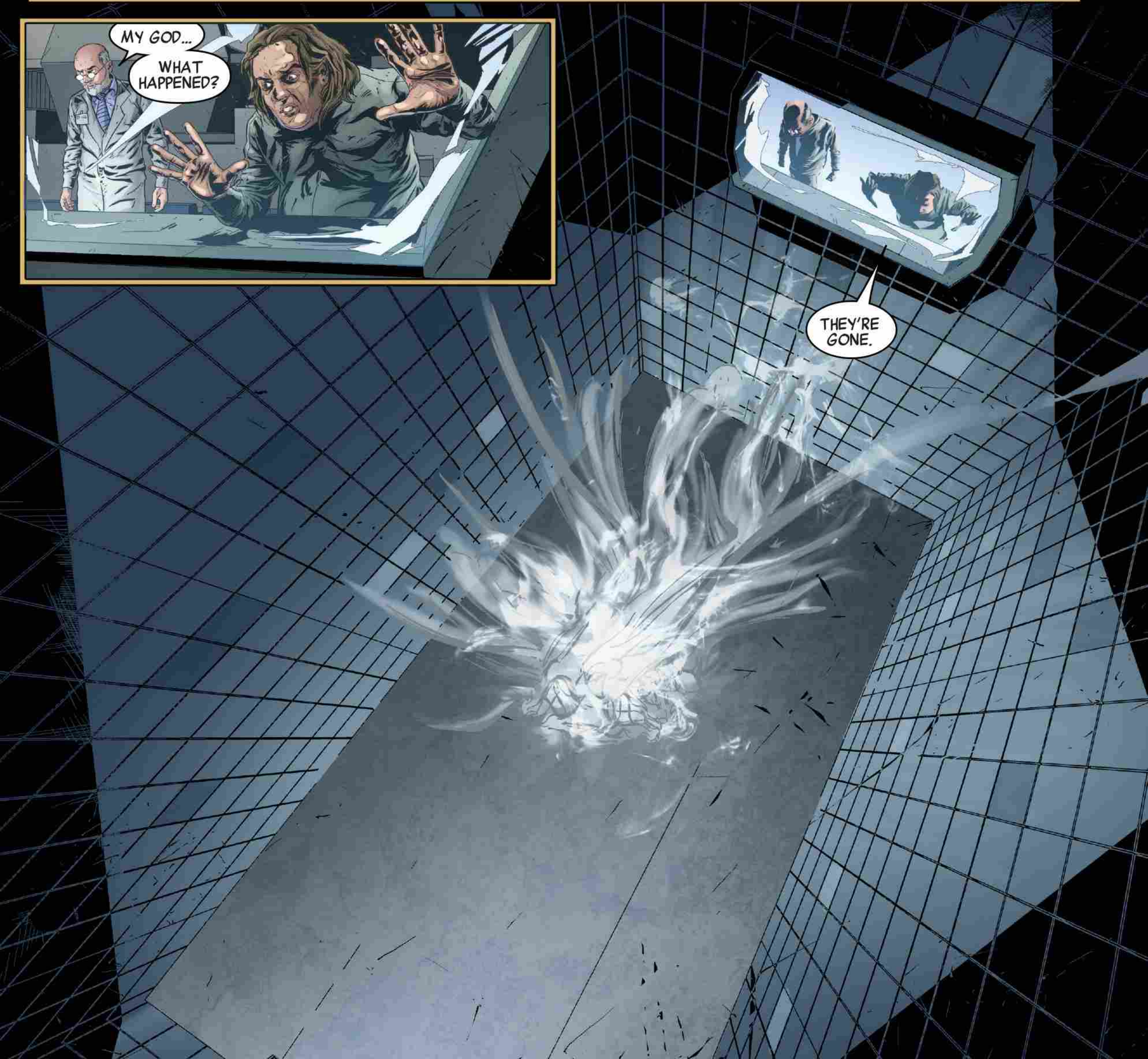
SNAP



MY GOD...
WHAT
HAPPENED?



THEY'RE
GONE.





I'M SURE YOU HAVE QUESTIONS, ODINSON, AS DO I...THE LEAST OF WHICH BEING WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM...

BUT DESPITE OUR QUICK RESOLUTION TO THE CONFLICT OUT THERE, THE PRIESTHOOD IS COLLECTIVELY CONCERNED ABOUT ONE EXCEEDINGLY IMPORTANT THING...

YES...

HOW DID YOU FIND US OUT HERE IN THE NOTHING?

FLOATING, CIRCLING THE LOST SPACES?

WE DID. WELL...HE DID. TELL THEM, NIGHTMASK.

I WAS MADE TO NAVIGATE THE SUPERFLOW--THE SPACE BETWEEN UNIVERSES.

I MINE THE IDEAS THAT USED TO EXIST THERE. WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF ENTIRE UNIVERSES, THE WEB-LIKE FLOWSPACE CAME UNDONE...LIKE COLLAPSING LATTICEWORK WITHOUT A FRAME.

BUT MY ABILITY TO FIND THINGS IN THE SPACES IN BETWEEN--THE ABILITY TO MINE BROADCASTED IDEAS--STILL FUNCTIONS. WE KNEW THAT SOME OF THE BEINGS ASSOCIATED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERYTHING EXISTED HERE.

SO FINDING YOU WAS EASY ONCE I STARTED LOOKING.

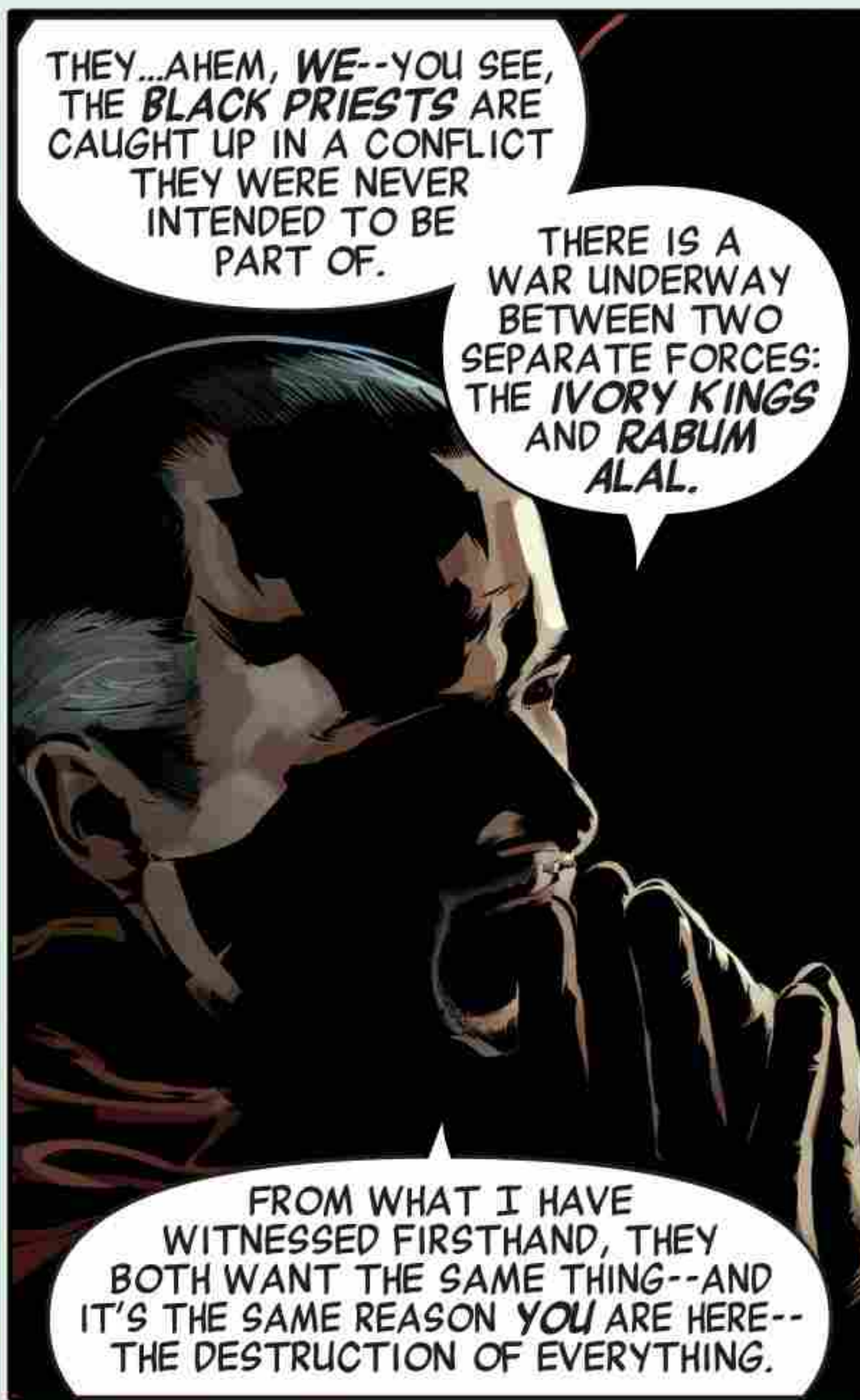


HE HEARD US? WAS HE LISTENING CLOSELY? DID HE HEAR OTHER THINGS?

DID YOU HEAR THE OTHER VOICES?



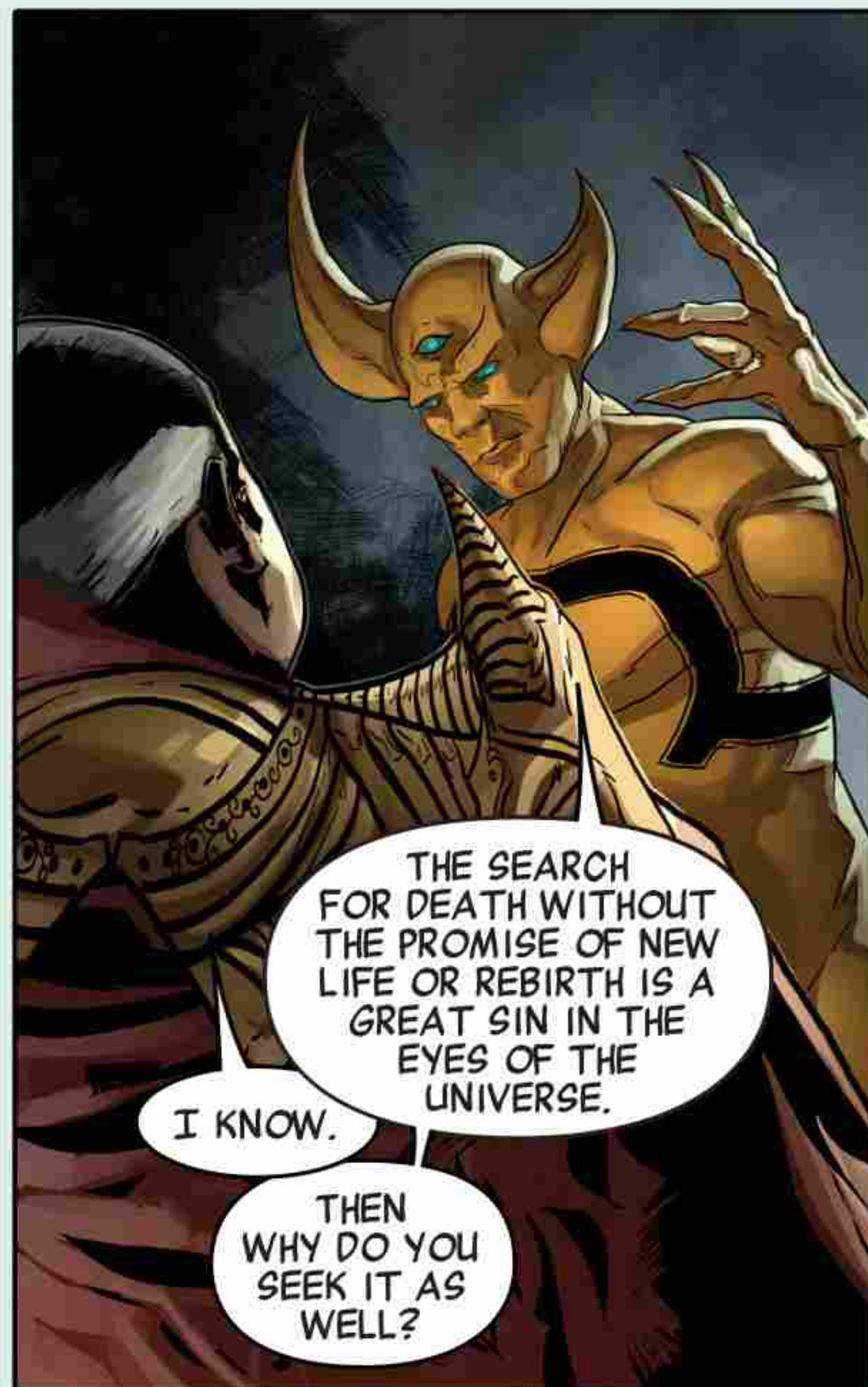
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?



THEY...AHEM, **WE**--YOU SEE, THE **BLACK PRIESTS** ARE CAUGHT UP IN A CONFLICT THEY WERE NEVER INTENDED TO BE PART OF.

THERE IS A WAR UNDERWAY BETWEEN TWO SEPARATE FORCES: THE **IVORY KINGS** AND **RABUM ALAL**.

FROM WHAT I HAVE WITNESSED FIRSTHAND, THEY BOTH WANT THE SAME THING--AND IT'S THE SAME REASON **YOU** ARE HERE--THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERYTHING.



THE SEARCH FOR DEATH WITHOUT THE PROMISE OF NEW LIFE OR REBIRTH IS A GREAT SIN IN THE EYES OF THE UNIVERSE.

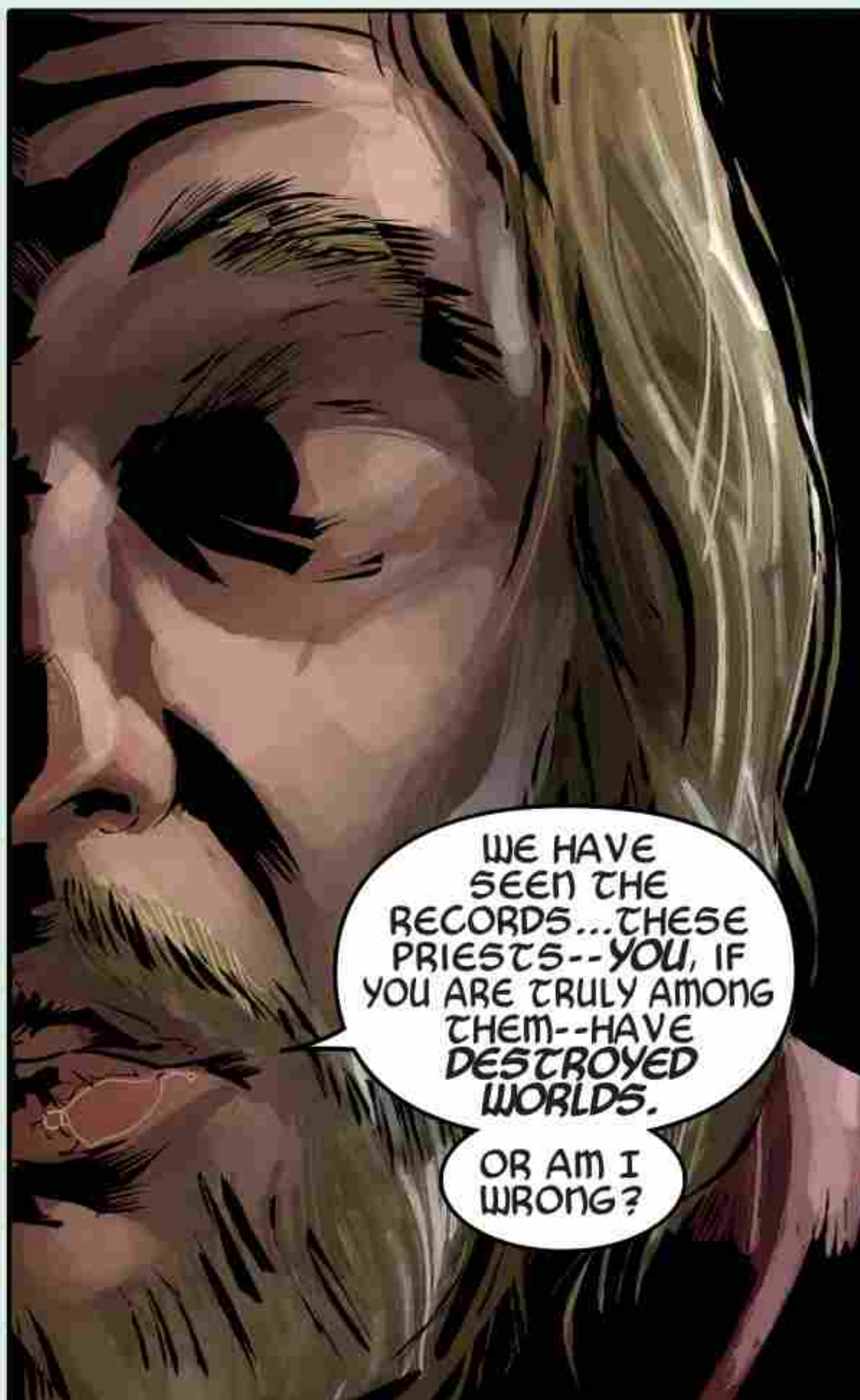
I KNOW.

THEN WHY DO YOU SEEK IT AS WELL?



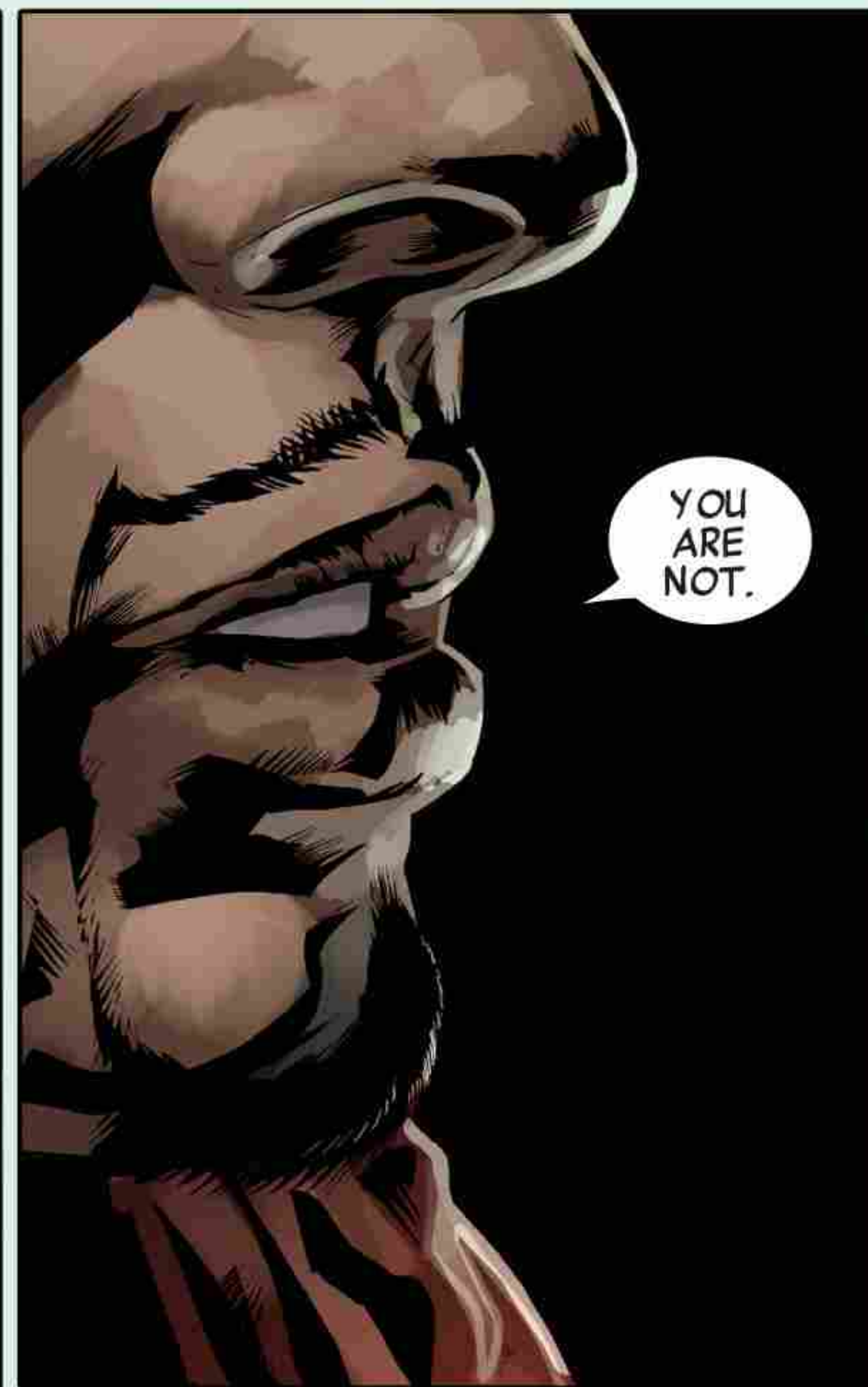
STEPHEN, I KNOW NOT HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN GONE FROM EARTH--BUT YOU DISAPPEARED SOME TIME AGO...

THE ACTIONS OF THE ILLUMINATI ARE NOW KNOWN.

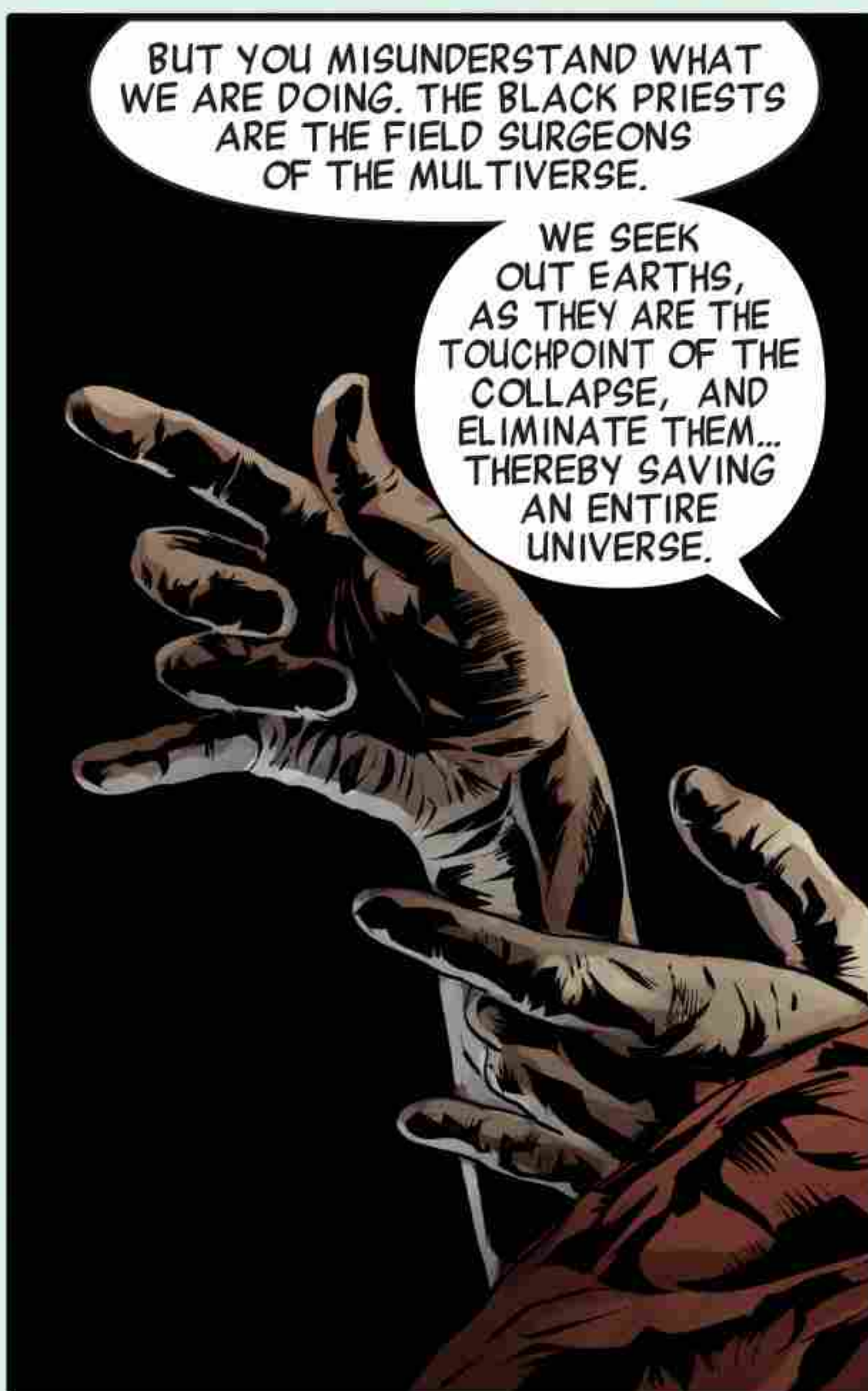


WE HAVE SEEN THE RECORDS...THESE PRIESTS--**YOU**, IF YOU ARE TRULY AMONG THEM--HAVE DESTROYED WORLDS.

OR AM I WRONG?

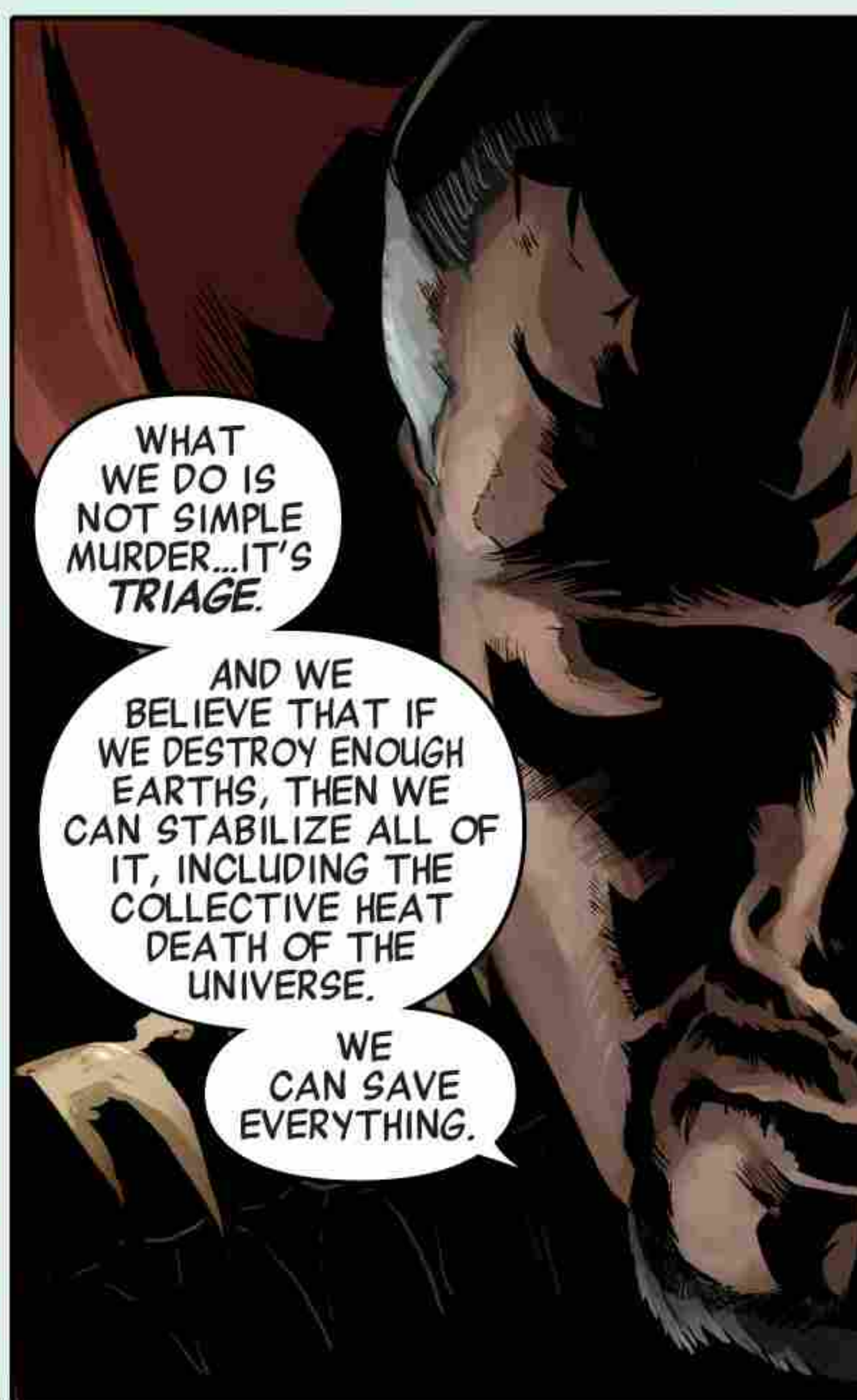


YOU ARE NOT.



BUT YOU MISUNDERSTAND WHAT WE ARE DOING. THE **BLACK PRIESTS** ARE THE FIELD SURGEONS OF THE MULTIVERSE.

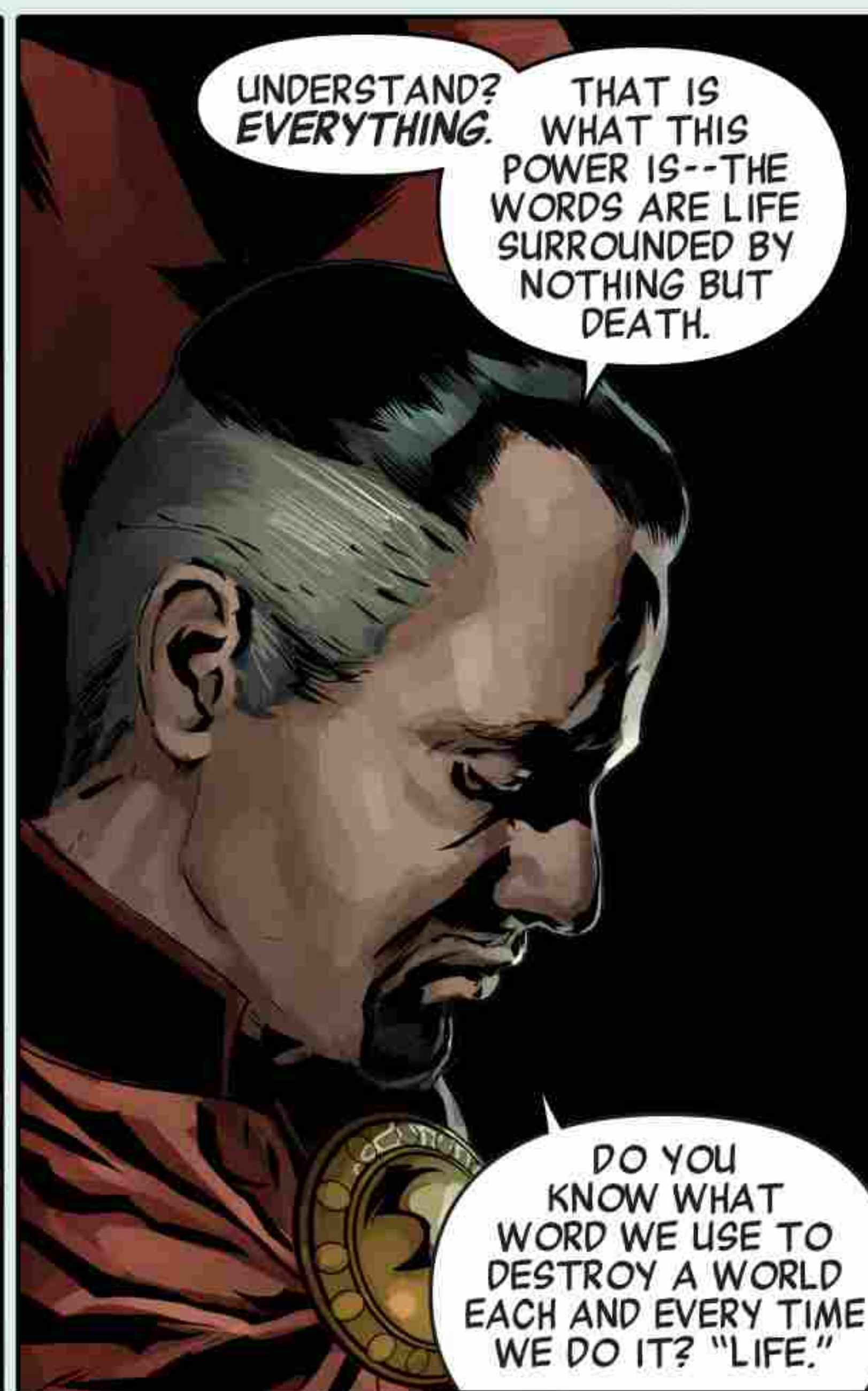
WE SEEK OUT EARTHS, AS THEY ARE THE TOUCHPOINT OF THE COLLAPSE, AND ELIMINATE THEM... THEREBY SAVING AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE.



WHAT WE DO IS NOT SIMPLE MURDER...IT'S **TRIAGE**.

AND WE BELIEVE THAT IF WE DESTROY ENOUGH EARTHS, THEN WE CAN STABILIZE ALL OF IT, INCLUDING THE COLLECTIVE HEAT DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE.

WE CAN SAVE EVERYTHING.



UNDERSTAND? **EVERYTHING**.

THAT IS WHAT THIS POWER IS--THE WORDS ARE LIFE SURROUNDED BY NOTHING BUT DEATH.

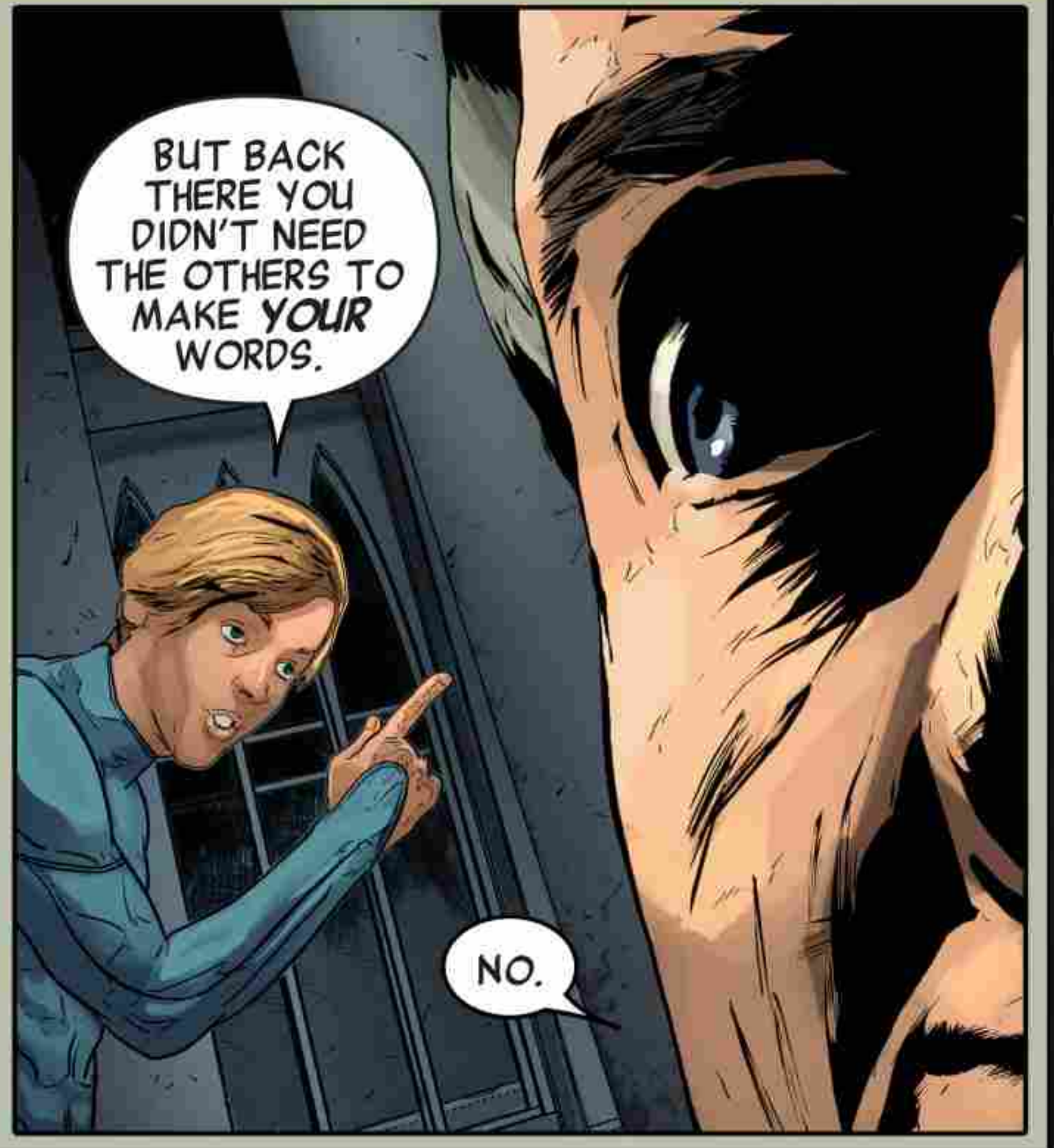
DO YOU KNOW WHAT WORD WE USE TO DESTROY A WORLD EACH AND EVERY TIME WE DO IT? "LIFE."



SO EACH PRIEST HAS A LETTER AND TOGETHER THEY MAKE A WORD... WHICH IS, WHAT, LIKE CASTING A SPELL?

OF A SORT. IT'S MORE LIKE A SYMBOL WHICH MEANS "SOMETHING," BUT THE MEANING CHANGES WITH EACH SYMBOL YOU ADD TO IT.

IN CODE-BREAKING TERMS, IT'S ACTUALLY AKIN TO A REPLACEMENT CIPHER.



BUT BACK THERE YOU DIDN'T NEED THE OTHERS TO MAKE *YOUR* WORDS.

NO.



HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE THEN?



I AM THE **SORCERER SUPREME**, YOUNG MAN...

I DO NOT SPEAK **LETTERS**-- I SPEAK **WORDS**.

AND I KNOW **ALL** OF THEM.

SO, THEN... THIS IS **NOT** THE PLACE WE ARE LOOKING FOR...

APPARENTLY NOT...BUT STEPHEN, CAN YOU HELP US FIND WHOEVER IT IS THAT WE NEED TO STOP IN ORDER TO END THIS MADNESS? TIME RUNS SHORT.





ACTUALLY, YOUR TIMING COULD NOT BE BETTER, AS I HAVE CONVINCED MY FELLOW PRIESTS THAT WE ALSO NEED TO STRIKE OUT AGAINST OUR ENEMIES.

AND I HAVE AT MY DISPOSAL A FORMIDABLE NUMBER OF SURGEONS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK?

TO FIIIIIND THE KIIIIINGS YOU'LL NEED A MAP-- FIIIIIND A MAPMAKER AND YOU'LL FIIIIIND THE KIIIIINGS.

TO FIIIIIND RABUM ALAL, WATCH THE SWANS FLY SOUTH FOR THE WIIIIINTER. THEN SHOOT THEM FROM THE AIIIIIR AND HAVE THEM FOR DIIIIINNER.

SMACK.
SMACK.
SMACK.

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING?

DOUBLE OUR CHANCES. YOU GUYS HIT ONE, WE HIT THE OTHER.



THAT'S NOT ACTUALLY DOUBLING YOUR CHANCES, KEVIN. IF YOU WERE GOING TO DOUBLE YOUR CHANCES, THAT WOULD MEAN YOU NEED TO--

SHUT UP, ADAM.



ACCORDING TO WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US, WE HAVE TO STOP **BOTH** IF WE'RE GOING TO BE SUCCESSFUL, RIGHT?

YES.

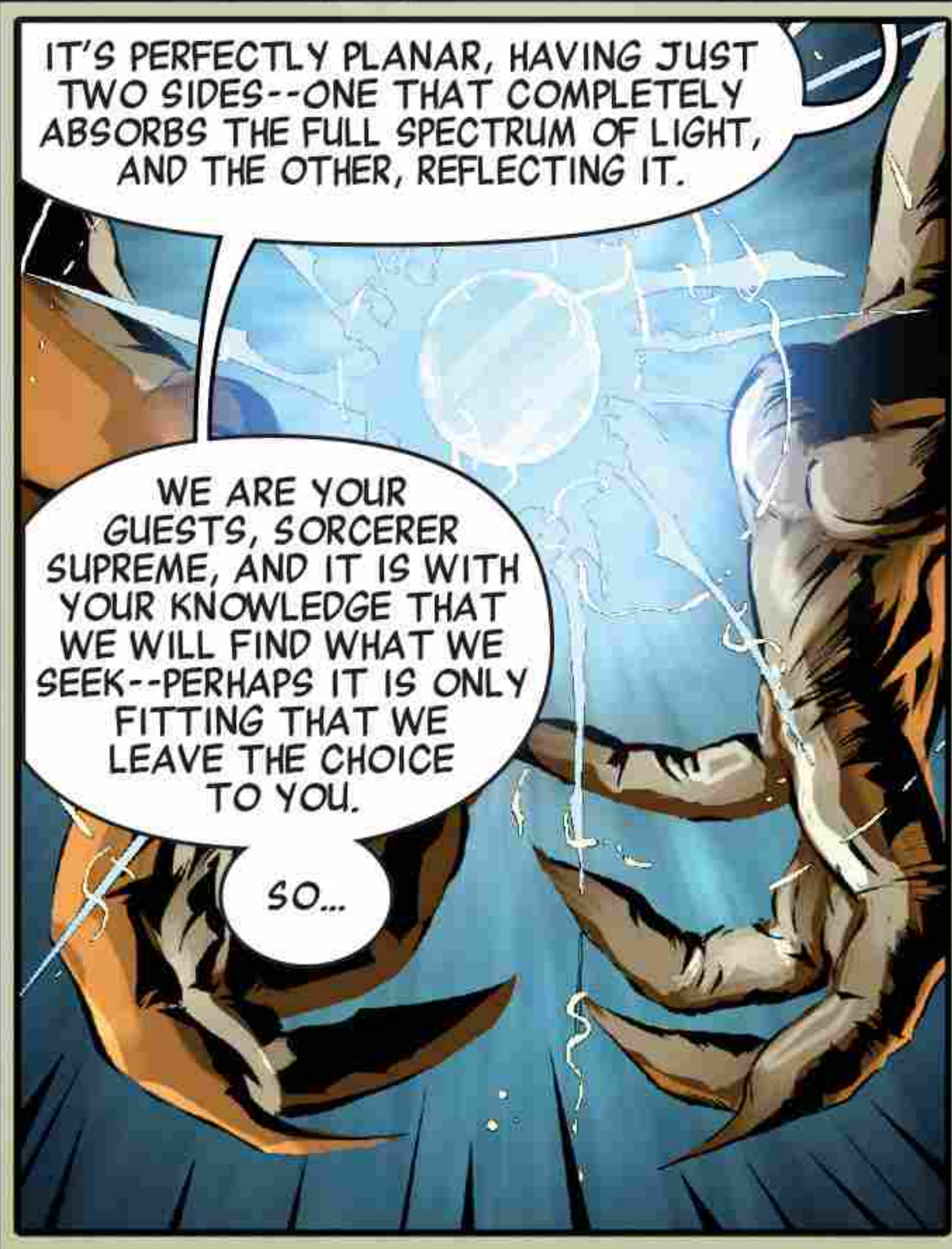


THEN WE
HIT BOTH. AS
HARD AND LONG
AS WE CAN. UNTIL
WE CAN STAND
NO MORE...
OR
UNTIL WE
FALL.

AGREED,
BUT WHICH
ONE OF--

ALL OF
YOU...WATCH
THIS:

THE CEPHINZ
CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE
IS UNIQUE IN ALL OF THE
UNIVERSE FOR ITS LACK OF
A MULTIFACETED
NATURE.



IT'S PERFECTLY PLANAR, HAVING JUST
TWO SIDES--ONE THAT COMPLETELY
ABSORBS THE FULL SPECTRUM OF LIGHT,
AND THE OTHER, REFLECTING IT.

WE ARE YOUR
GUESTS, SORCERER
SUPREME, AND IT IS WITH
YOUR KNOWLEDGE THAT
WE WILL FIND WHAT WE
SEEK--PERHAPS IT IS ONLY
FITTING THAT WE
LEAVE THE CHOICE
TO YOU.

SO...



YOU KILL
THE IVORY
KINGS.

YOU
KILL RABUM
ALAL.



LET
CHAOS
BE YOUR
GUIDE...

AND
CALL IT
IN THE
AIR.



